

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the Interests of the Day.

VOL. 1.

BETHEL, ME., JUNE 17, 1859.

NO. 27.

The Bethel Courier.

SMITH & BUTTING, Proprietors.

Published every FRIDAY MORNING—Office in FREEMAN'S BLOCK, BETHEL HILL.

One Copy one year, (in advance) \$1.00

By mail, (in advance) \$1.25

Advertisements are charged for the space they occupy, and the rates are as follows:

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History of Bethel.

By Dr. W. T. True.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In this situation, the Indians ordered us into the Androscoggin river, and to march through it, and to get over as well as we could, with four of us. We obeyed their orders, and with great exertions, we arrived, through the goodness of God, safe to the other shore; but I know not how, for people tell me, "that it was never forded before or since that time, at that place." As the prisoners could not swim, and the water being deep, it is the more difficult for me to account how we did so safely cross this river.

Those two Indians, who loaded us with their packs, after we were over, crossed the river themselves in great haste, and came to us. Then we all travelled on, till we came to a small house, owned by Mr. Hope Austin. His wife and children were in the house; but Mr. Austin was not at home, at this time. The Indians searched the house for plunder. They found a little money and some other things, in the house, which they took. They told Mr. Austin to carry in the house, and promised that she should not be hurt.

After this, we were ordered to resume our march. We travelled some miles, and were ordered to stop in some woods. Tombequin took his gun and went from us. We soon heard the report of a gun. Tombequin soon came back to us with a colored man with him, named Plato. He began to inquire of Plato, how many men there were in a house near by; he said there were two, besides the one, whom Tombequin had shot. Little did I think, when I heard the report of the gun, that a man was killed. It was Mr. Peter Poor who was killed.

Mr. Poor and Plato were going out to work after dinner. Tombequin had secreted himself among fell trees, where they were passing to their work. As soon as they came near him, he raised himself, and called them to him. "Poor," as Plato said, "turned to run, and Tombequin instantly shot him, and he died immediately." The Indians told me, now they had Plato, they would let one of the prisoners go back; accordingly, one of the Indians said to Lieut. Clark, "you may go back, provided you will keep the road." With a joyful heart he embraced the opportunity to gain his desired liberty, and to return into the bosom of his family and friends. But he did not keep the road as he was ordered, but crossed the river, and turned into the woods and went through them to his family, and thus undoubtedly saved his life. For an Indian or two, who were left behind to bring up the rear, would have killed him on his retreat home, as a deserter.

After this, we went with the Indians to the house, where Capt. Rindge, the owner of the house, with his wife and children were. Capt. Rindge was amazingly alarmed at the approach of the Indians. He told the Indians, that he was "on the king's side." Notwithstanding, they plundered his house, and got a great deal of value. He was so terrified, that he brought many things to them, which belonged to his wife. We all fared well here, and had victuals enough. The Indians went out and scalped Mr. Poor. Hope Austin was here; he had deserted the house, and fled into the woods before the Indians entered the house; and so escaped any personal injury from them. The Indians told Capt. Rindge, that he might carry at home. They made a prisoner of Elijah Ingalls. He was a boy; but Capt. Rindge so far prevailed with the Indians, in his behalf, that they dismissed him.

The Indians were now preparing to proceed on their journey for Canada. We all set out, as we were ordered, though with sinking hearts and trembling limbs, and with heavy packs on our shoulders, leaving our friends behind us, fearing we should never see their faces again on this side of a boundless eternity, not knowing what would befall us on the way, as we were liable to perish by hunger, or by exposure. But God has seen fit to order it otherwise for us.

Under the most gloomy apprehensions, we entered the wild, howling wilderness, with cruel and blood-thirsty savages, for Canada. When we

had travelled some miles in the wilderness, we came to a large mountain. Here we tarried for the night. The next morning, as soon as it was light, we set out again; and by great exertions, we ascended the mountain to its summit; where we had a fine prospect around us, of this wilderness, and mountainous country. But making no tarry here, we were hurried on till we came to the height of land between Androscoggin river and the Umbagog lake, from whose source this famous river takes its rise. Here we had a short respite, being allowed to rest and refresh ourselves.

Here an Indian pulled off some spruce bark, nailed my hands, and told me to write, that if ever we were overtaken by Americans, they, the Indians, would kill the prisoners. This bark he stuck on a tree, and then bound my hands again.

After we had travelled on several miles in the wilderness, towards Umbagog lake, the Indians ordered the prisoners to sit down. Upon this, they took three scalps from their packs; but we did not know whose they were, nor where they obtained them. We knew that Mr. Poor's was one, but whose the others were, we could not conjecture at this time; we feared that they were obtained from our friends, whom we had left behind. However, the Indians informed us, that they overtook a man in the woods, when they were on the way to Bethel. They supposed him to be a deserter from Canada, and had killed and scalped him; and afterwards we were informed that they had scalped Mr. Pettengill, which make the three scalps.

A bounty had been promised the Indians by the British officers, of eight dollars for a scalp, or for a prisoner. This is a most savage and abominable act, even for a savage, but much more so for a civilized people, as the savages would be as likely to scalp on one side as the other, whether friend or foe, and therefore, must be the most savage act ever practised by man.

The Indians gave me a journal, which they said they had taken from the man whom they overtook in the woods; but I could not read it. I believe it was written in the French or Dutch language.

At St. Francis, I was asked where the Indians had obtained so much money, as they had. I told them I did not know of more than twenty dollars, which they had plundered while we were with them. I was told the Indians had a large sum in gold. I believe they got it of the man whom they overtook and killed in the woods.

During our tarry at this place, we were permitted to sit down and rest ourselves, but they would not permit us to sit together. This was a very rocky place. Here they took the hair of their scalps in their teeth, and began to shake their heads, to cohoop, to jump from rock to rock, and conducted and acted in such a hideous and awful manner, as almost to make our hair stand upright upon our heads, and to fill us with fear and trembling. I had heard of an Indian powwow; but what tongue can tell, or imagination can describe the looks and actions of these savages on such occasions? Such scenes are beyond description. Their actions are inconceivable. It would seem that hell had broken loose, and that hell was in an uproar.

After the horrors of this scene were over, we were ordered to pursue our journey. We travelled on till we arrived at Umbagog lake, which lies partly in New Hampshire, and partly in Maine. We arrived here the fifth day after we were taken prisoners. The Indians here had three canoes, which were made of spruce bark. They made them, as they said, when they came to make prisoners of us. In these canoes we all passed safely over the lake. They now considered themselves safe. They had a little flour, and some moose scraps, with half the hair on; this they gave us to eat. We could eat but little, as hungry as we were. It was not fit for the dogs to eat. This was the last food we had to eat for several days, excepting some sugar, which the Indians had taken by plundering the inhabitants. Here they divided their prisoners among themselves, and they had a very merry time of it indeed. Here, likewise, they took off their lousy shirts, and employed themselves in killing their foe with their teeth, as dogs kill their foes.

(To be continued.)

Original Poetry.

Lines to an Absent Friend.

I'll bid thee away, when star-beams are playing,

O'er forest and meadow, and far stretching sea,

And along the bank of the clear river straying,

I'll think of thee.

I'll enter the forest when winter's retreating,

And sigh to the brooklet as joyous and free,

Playing a tune to my heart in its hoarding,

And think of thee.

When my fond heart is sad, to the vine and the olive,

Where oft we have met 'neath our favorite tree,

I'll send me alone at the evening's gray hour,

And think of thee.

Bethel, June, 1859. HENRY WILK.

Selected Tale.

THE THREE BRIDES.

Towards the close of a chilly afternoon, in the latter part of last November, I was traveling in New Hampshire on horseback. The road was solitary and rugged, and wound along through gloomy pine forests and over abrupt and stony hills. Several circumstances conspired to my discomfort. I was not sure of my way; I had a hurt in my bridle hand, and evening was approaching, heralded by an icy rain and a cold, searching wind. I felt a sinking of spirits which I could not dispel by rapid riding; for my horse, fatigued by a long day's journey, refused to answer spur and whip with his usual animation. In an hour after, I was convinced that I had mistaken my road, and night surprised me in the forest. I had been in more unpleasant situations; so I adopted my usual expedient of letting the reins fall upon my courser's neck. He, however, blundered on, with his nose drooping to the ground, stumbling every moment, though ordinarily as surefooted as a roebuck. So we plodded on for a mile, while the landscape grew darker and darker. At length, finding my horse less intelligent or more despairing than myself, I resumed the reins, and endeavored to cheer my brute companion. To tell the truth, I stood in need of something exhilarating myself. The sombre air of the eternal pines struck a deathly gloom to my heart, as one by one they seemed to rise on my path, like threatening genii extending their scathed limbs to meet me. The rain, fine and cold, bedewed me from head to foot, and I question if a miserable pair of animals ever threaded their way through the mazes of an enchanted forest. I thought of the comfortable home I had left for my forlorn pleasure excursion, of that cheerful hearth around which my family were gathered of wine, music, love and a thousand endearments I had left behind, and then I gazed into the recesses of the shadowy wood that closed about me, almost in despair. I began to dread the apparition of some giant intruder, and was seriously meditating the production of a pair of pistols, when my quick glance caught the glimmer of distant lights, twinkling through some opening in the trees, and darting a beam of hope upon the wanderer's soul. My reins were instantly grasped and my rovels were struck into the sides of my charger. He snorted, pricked up his ears, croaked his head, and sprang forth in an uncontrollable gallop. Up hill and down hill I pricked my gallant gray; and when the forest was past, and his hoofs glistened through a small village, I felt no animation that I cannot describe. A cracking sign-board, swinging in the wind on rusty iron, directed me to the only inn of the village. It was a two-story timber building, standing a little back from the road. I drew rein at the door, and dismounted my

weary nag. My loud vociferation, summoned to my side a bull dog, curled with a most unhappy disposition, and a hostler whose temper was hardly more amiable. He took my horse with an air of early indifference and gruffly directed me to the bar room.

This apartment was tenanted by half a dozen rough farmers, rendered savage and morose by incessantly imbibing alcohol; and by the proprietor of the tavern, a bluff man, with a portly paunch, a hard gray eye, and a stern Caledonian lip. He welcomed me without much frankness or cordiality, and I sank into a wooden settle eyed by the surly guests of mine host, and the subject of sundry muttered remarks. The group, as it was lighted up by the strong red glare of the fire, had certainly a bandit appearance which, however delightful to a Salvatore Ross, was by no means inviting to a traveler who had sought the bosom of the hills for pleasure. After making a few remarks, which elicited only monosyllables in answer, I relapsed into silence; from which, I however, was soon aroused by the entrance of the surly hostler, who in no very gracious manner informed me that my horse was lame, and likely to be sick. This intelligence produced a visit to the stable, and the conviction that I could not possibly resume my journey on the ensuing day; which was somewhat disagreeable to a man who had taken up a decided prejudice against the inn and all its inmates.

Having succeeded in procuring a private room and a fire, I ignited an execrable cigar, (ah, how unlike thy principles, dear S.) and endeavored to lose myself in the agreeable occupation of castle building while supper was preparing. Alas! my fancy came not at my call. I had lost my power of abstraction—the realities around me were too engrossing. Ere the dying shriek of a majestic rooster had ceased to sound in my ear, his remains were served upon my table, together with a cup or two of very villainous gunpowder tea, and a pitcher of cider, with coarse bread and butter ad libitum. Supper was soon dispatched, and in answer to a bell lightly touched a vinegar-visaged waiting-maid, of the interesting age of forty-five, entered and removed the viands—the *radix indigestaque moles*. I ventured to address her, with a request that I might be supplied with a few books, to enable me to while away the evening. I anticipated a literary feast from the readiness with which she rushed from the room; but she appeared, bringing only Young's Night Thoughts, (very greasy) a volume of tales with the catastrophes torn out, a set of plays consisting only of first acts, and an odd number of the Eclectic Magazine. This was sufficiently provoking; but I read a few pages, tried a second cigar, and made the tour of the apartment, examining a family mourning-piece worked in satin, a genealogical tree done in worsted, and a portrait of the mutton-headed landlord and his snappish wife. I counted the ticks of the clock for half an hour, and was finally reduced to the forlorn expedient of seeing likeness in the burning embers. When the clock struck nine, I rang for slippers and a guide to my bed room, and the landlord appeared, candle in hand to usher me to my sleeping apartment. As I followed him up the creaking staircase, and along the dark upper entry, I could not help regretting that fancy was unable to convert him into the semblance of a baronial mansion, and the room to which I was going a haunted chamber. It seemed as if my surly host had the power of divination what was passing in my mind, for when he had ushered me into the

room, and placed the candle on the light stand, he said,—

"I hope you'll sleep comfortable, for there ain't many rats here, sir. And as for the ghost they say frequents this chamber, I believe that's all in my eye, though, to be sure, the window does look out on the burial ground."

"Umph! a comfortable prospect."

"Very, sir; you have a fine view of the squire's new tomb and the poorhouse, with a wing of the jail behind the trees. And I've stuck my second-best hat in that broken pane of glass, and there's a chest of drawers to set against the door; so you'll be warm and free from intrusion. I wish you good night, sir."

All that night I was troubled with strange dreams, peopled by phantoms from the neighboring churchyard; but a bona fide ghost I cannot say I saw. In the morning I rose very early, and took a look from the window, but the prospect was very uninviting. The churchyard was a bleak, desolate place, overgrown with weeds, and studded with slate stones, bounded by a ruinous brick wall, and having an entrance through a dilapidated gateway. One or two melancholy-looking cows were feeding on the rank herbage that sprang from the uncultivated soil, sparing many a *hic jacet* with their cloven hoofs. But far, in the most distant part of the field, I espied the figure of a man who was busily occupied in digging a grave. There was something within that impelled me to stroll forth and accost him. I dreamed, descended, and having ordered breakfast, left the inn, clambered over the ruinous wall, and stood within the precincts of the burial-place. The spot had evidently been used for the purposes of sepulture for a number of years, for the ground rose into numerous hillocks, and I could hardly walk a step without stumbling upon some grassy mound. Even where the perishable gravestones had been shattered by the hand of time, the length of the elevations enabled me to judge of the age of the deceased. This slight swell rose over the remains of some beloved child, who had been committed to the dust with only the simple ceremonies of the Protestant faith, bedewed by the tears of parents, and blessed by the broken voice of farewell affection. This mound, of larger dimension, was heaped above the giant frame of manhood. Some sturdy tiller of the soil, or rough dweller in the forest, perhaps cut off by a sudden casualty, had been laid here in his last loaded sleep—no more to start at the rising beam of the sun, no more to rush to the glorious excitement of the hunt, no more to pant in noonday toil. Over the whole field of the dead there seemed to brood the spirit of desolation. Stern heads, rudely chiselled, from the gravestones, and frightful emblems met the eye at every turn. Here was none of that simple elegance with which modern taste loves to invest the memorials of the departed; no graceful anacrusis, or nodding clasp, or sorrowing willows shed their dew upon the turf—every thing spoke of the bitterness of parting, of the agony of the last hour, of the passing away from earth—nothing of the reunion in heaven!

I passed on to where the grave digger was pursuing his occupation. He answered my morning salutation civilly enough, but continued intent upon his work. He was a man of about fifty years of age, spare, but strong, with gray hair, and sunken cheeks, and certain lines about the mouth which augured a propensity to indulge in dry jest, though the sternness of his gray eye seemed to contradict the tacit assertion.

(Continued on the fourth page.)

FOREIGN NEWS



ARRIVAL OF THE NORTH BRITON

Battle Between the Austrians and Sardinians.

THE SARDINIANS VICTORIOUS.

FARINER, Porto, June 11. The steamship North Briton, from Liverpool, with date to June 11—four days later than the Argos dispatch from Cape Race—arrived off here at 5 o'clock this morning, and will reach Quebec at 10 P. M.

THE WAR.—The Emperor of Austria visited Vienna May 29, and arrived at Palermo, after a severe conflict. The Sardinians, under the command of the King, General Garibaldi and made many prisoners. Garibaldi was making bold movements in Lombardy.

On the 29th, after a furious fight of three hours, he entered Coma. The Austrians retreated to Carmelina where the combat was renewed, and the Austrians again retreated towards Milan.

It was reported in Milan that as soon as the French had entered Paris, the English and Prussia would make most strenuous efforts to end the war.

A fight occurred at Florence between some English men-of-war sailors and some American sailors, on account of the latter wearing tri color bonnets. No details are given.

GRAND BRITAIN.—The English Parliament met on the 31st ult.

The terms offered by the British Government to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to be considered at the approaching meeting, are eight per cent. quarterly on the stock for twenty-five years, provided the cable is a successful operation at the rate of one hundred words per hour, and they will pay £20,000 per annum for Government messages transmitted over the cable—the original arrangement for £14,000 per annum to stand good. The Company is returning to surrender their exclusive privilege to land cable on the coast of Newfoundland.

The Red Sea cable is believed to be successfully laid from Suva to Peking, 1350 miles.

It is rumored that Louis Napoleon returns to France in August after the first series of military operations.

Heavy shipments of artillery and siege material were progressing.

Commercial.—Manchester Trade Report.—Advices from Manchester are favorable; there has been slight advance for Yarns, and there is more activity for Cottons; Yarns are dull.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market, June 1.—Breadstuffs have a declining tendency. Flour is downward, and there has been a slight decline on all qualities.

Liverpool Provision Market, June 1.—Provisions generally are steady.

Liverpool Produce Market, June 1.—Sugar steady. Coffee quiet. Rice firm.

London Money Market.—The money market is generally unchanged. American Securities are dull.

London Markets.—Wheat has a declining tendency, and has fallen 2 1/4 p per quarter. Sugar quiet. Coffee steady. Tea firm.

THREE DAYS LATER.

ARRIVAL OF THE EULOP.

Bloody Battles at Palestro.

THE AUSTRIANS DEFEATED.

THE WAR.—Sanguinary encounters have taken place at Palestro. The Sardinian Government have issued the following official bulletins:

TRIN, May 31. A fresh victory was gained by our troops at 7 this morning. 25,000 Austrians endeavored to retake Palestro. The King commanding the Fourth Division in Person, and Gen. Cialdini at the head of the Third Regiment Zouaves, resisted the attack for a considerable time, and then, after having successfully assumed the offensive, pursued the enemy, taking one thousand prisoners and capturing eight guns, five of which were taken by the Zouaves. Four hundred were drowned in a canal during the combat at Palestro.

Another fight took place at Confenza, in the province of Lomellina, in which the enemy were repulsed by the division of Infantry after a two hour's conflict. Additional details of the battle of Palestro state that the Sardinian right wing was at one time outflanked by the Austrians, who threatened the Bridge of Boats across the Sesia, over which Canrobert was to effect a junction with the King. At this juncture the Zouaves lost one officer and twenty men killed, and the Austrians 200 killed, including ten officers.

The Sardinians are believed to have been terribly cut up, but their loss is not mentioned. An Austrian General is reported killed.

Louis Napoleon subsequently visited the battle field, and congratulated the Sardinians on the result.

A movement was made to retreat the retreat of the Austrians, who had begun to evacuate Bobbio carrying with them about a thousand wounded.

On the 31 a dispatch was received from Turin, stating that the Austrians had retired to the eastern bank of the

Pod and abandoned Berni. Berni and the neighboring country has been captured from Verelli, which the Emperor had made his headquarters, considering the Sardinians behaved most valiantly at Palestro, and stating in regard to the part taken by the Zouaves, that they performed wonders. Although unsupported, and in front of an Austrian battery of light guns, the Zouaves crossed a canal, ascended the heights which were very steep, and charged the Austrians with their bayonets. More than four hundred Austrians were thrown into the canal and six pieces of cannon were taken by the Zouaves. The loss of the French was inconceivable.

French officers of Engineers had arrived at Lusa, and were collecting vessels to cross Lago Maggiore in five hundred men.

The French squadron in the Adriatic had captured thirty-five Austrian vessels, the estimated value of which was four millions of francs.

Very Late.—A London News of Saturday has a special dispatch dated Turin, Friday night, saying that the Austrians, in full retreat, were recrossing the Ticino. Garibaldi had gained a new victory. The insurrection in Lombardy is spreading.

GRAND BRITAIN.—Parliament met daily to swear in members, but no business would be transacted until the delivery of the queen's speech on the 7th.

It was stated that the prospectus of a company would be issued in a few days for laying two telegraph cables from Cornwall, England, to Canada direct, and that the proposed capital would be half a million sterling.

It was vaguely rumored that the Duke of Cambridge was likely to retire from the command in chief of the army, on account of some disclosures or reflections in an investigating committee's report on the sale of army commissions.

The Princess Frederick William of Prussia had quitted England for Berlin.

A great explosion of saltpetre occurred on board the troop ship Eastern monarch, from Kurrachee, while anchored at Spithead. She had nearly 500 soldiers and their families on board, returning from India. The ship was soon enveloped in flames, but prompt action rescued all but seven persons including five children who were killed by the explosion.

FRANCE. The *Moniteur* publishes officially the notification of the blockade of Venice.

The recall of French soldiers on leave of absence had added 130,000 veterans to the French army.

Flat-bottomed gun-boats were being constructed in France for the navigation of Po, Ticino and other rivers.

Extraordinary excitement had prevailed in Paris, on account of rumors that a general action was progressing all along the line—that Gen. Gyulai was killed, &c., all of which proved unfounded. Preparations were even made for a grand illumination, in honor of the expected victory.

Twenty-two additional battalions of foot chassiers were to be organized.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

\$1,500,000, in Treasury.

BLOODY BATTLE IN CHILI.

New York, June 13. Steamer *Star of the West* arrived this morning from Aspinwall June 3, via Key West. She brings reports of a million and a half in treasure, and 400 passengers, also the California mails of the 20th of May.

Steamship *Brothers*, from Manila, arrived at San Francisco on the 19th. The principal points of the news have been anticipated.

The case in which the San Francisco *Bulletin* is charged with uttering an obscene libel for publishing Mrs. Sickles' confession, has been decided adversely to that journal.

Gold mines in Vancouver were yielding so largely that parties were leaving Victoria for that locality.

George D. Braab, treasurer of Calaveras county, has proved a defaulter for a large amount.

The affairs at the Isthmus were quiet.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Hendricks, throwing himself into the rocking chair. "I'll never go to that Post Office again, to be looked out of countenance by all those men on the corner. It's so provoking! What can I do, Sarah Jane, to stop those awful men staring me so in the face?" "As I do," replied Sarah Jane, with a sly look, "show your ankle!"—*Springfield Republican*.

Eggs are selling in Minnesota at five cents per dozen, and potatoes at forty cents per bushel.

The Bethel Courier.

REYNOL, FRIDAY, June 17, 1859.

LOCAL SKETCHES—No. III.

One of the most delightful views may be witnessed by a ride of twenty minutes from Bethel Hill, down the river near to Mr. John Russell's. Turn in by his house and ascend the hill till you reach the Jordan house, and here you will have a prospect that painters love to dwell upon. In front is the valley of the Androscoggin extending back to Gosham, between the Mountains, through which is seen the Androscoggin meandering its way amid numerous and beautiful islands, till it reaches the base of the hill, on which you stand, when it takes a sudden turn to the north towards the mouth of Sunday River. The neatly painted farm houses on the intervals, the good looking farms, the beautiful groves, the lights and shadows on the mountains, and the full view of the different peaks of the White Mts., in the distance, renders this one of the most desirable places of resort in the State of Maine. Ladies can ride to the spot in a carriage. We believe a Boston artist made a painting last year of this scene which he sold at a high price. By pursuing the route to the top of Farwell's mountain, the railroad may be seen a distance of ten miles. The tourist can amuse himself by watching for the steam whistle and count the seconds between the sight of the steam, and the sound.

THE NORWAY LIGHT INFANTRY.—This fine company, Gen. W. W. Vinson, commander, justly the pride of the beautiful village from whence they came, arrived here on Wednesday last, to celebrate the 4th Anniversary of their organization. Their martial appearance, and the manner in which they executed their difficult evolutions upon the parade ground, elicited warm remarks from our citizens.

It was none the less gratifying to witness the gentlemanly conduct of both officers and men in their intercourse with others. We wish the Bethelites had it in their power to reciprocate their most agreeable visit by visiting their beautiful village, in some official capacity, and they may one of these days, as now that we have become acquainted, we trust it will continue to the pleasure of both.

Yesterday morning, our Artist, Mr. Small, took two Photographic views of the Company upon their parade ground, which shows them off to good advantage.

They returned home by an extra train yesterday afternoon, pleased, we trust, with their two days' sojourn among us. Our good wishes attend them.

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE, MICH.—We have received a Catalogue of this Institution. In the College there are 38 Students. In the Preparatory Department 135. And in the Female Department 135. Total 269. Mr. Liberty E. Holden, formerly of this County, is Professor of Rhetoric, to whom we are indebted for a Catalogue.

Prof. Talleyrand Grover has gone on a second European tour. He proposes to travel through Sweden, the present season, and learn its language, and literature, and the character of its institutions.

We have had very warm weather, for two days past, and corn and potatoes that were not wholly killed begin to revive a little. Much of the corn in this vicinity is killed to the very kernel.

PORTLAND ADVERTISER.—On Monday last, Messrs. Waldron, Little & Co. took possession of this paper and issued their first number. We wish them much success.

Mr. Austin Willey, formerly editor of the Portland Inquirer, was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in Amos, Minnesota, 18th ult.

The government is said to have in contemplation the sending of relief to the Pike's Peak sufferers.

NOTES ON THE ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER.—The view from the top of the State, except in Penobscot county, was light. We give below such remarks as have reached us. They indicate the defeat of the bill.

Angus, 247 65
Bangor, 3068 9
Oldtown, 392 31
Orono, 650 maj.
Brewster, 284 2
Portland, 388 94
Winthrop, 92 6
Wasson, 24 13
Gardiner, 23 22
Kenduskeag, 165 2
Rampden, 48 36
Milford, 87 19
Eliot, 23 12
Newport, 70 13
Corinth, 77 19
Rochester, 98 20
Castine, 50 37
Ellsworth, 43 122
Brewster, 115 117
Rockland, 71 71
Pittsfield, 32 10
Richmond, 10 139
Pembroke, 17 28
Bath, 68 47
Eastport, 15 125
Hallowell, 39 49
Chelsea, 5 18
Winslow, 5 54
Calais, 28 494
Saco, 23 81
Camden, 11 45
Belmont, 116 260
Frankfort, 156 65
Leicester, 45 116
Auburn, 42 93
Bowdoinham, 62 131
Waterville, 123 62
Thomaston, 32 167
Waldoboro', 24 124
Kennebunk, 7 46
Newcastle, 36 36
E. Machias, 19 158
Cherryfield, 1 121
Albion, 48 47
Winslow, 7 50

The vote in this town stood 167 against, none in favor.

COLD JUNE.

The present month will long be remembered in this vicinity as the cold June. On the first morning of the month was a smart frost which cut down the corn in many places. On the morning of the 6th was the hardest frost probably ever noticed in the month of June. It froze the ground so as to be lifted in flakes, killed grape vines on trellises, and cut everything that could be affected to the ground.

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On the 4th of July, of that year it snowed on the Common at Bethel Hill while the boys were engaged in playing ball to keep themselves warm.

The prospect for a crop of corn is very poor indeed; many are planting their ground over with potatoes.

N. T. T.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, June 13, '59

At a late meeting of the Temperance Society the following officers for the coming quarter were elected, viz: President, A. B. Twitchell. Vice Pres., C. E. Morrill. Secretary, T. W. Hyde. Treasurer, W. E. Donnell.

This Society, organized last term, is doing an immense work for Temperance here.

Bowdoin College has been notorious for its intemperance. But we trust those days are past. Where in former times there have been weekly, and semi-weekly carousals, during the present term there has not been one. The sentiments of the College have been greatly raised on this subject, and we believe the time is not far distant when we shall be free from this baneful effects.

Eggs-TENSURE.—Mr. A. S. Twitchell, has left upon our table a hen's egg, measuring three inches in circumference, and weighing seven pennyweights. New steps obscure place notice.

Sporting gentlemen are offering large bets through the New York Sun not only that Judge Douglas will be the Charleston nominee, but that he will be triumphantly elected in 1860.

Our Editor has got a new summer coat, but he feels so bashful that he dares not to wear it. Strange what effect habit has upon a man. Most people would not hesitate to wear a new coat as often as they could get one—but Editors—ah! He however, has hit upon a plan. He wears it to bed nights and thinks he can shortly overcome his extreme diffidence, so far as to appear in it in public. Look out for him next week.

Still ambitious, M. D.? Why do we not have a new coat as well as other folks? more especially when we are indebted to our friends for it. We did think when thanking Mr. Chandler for his gift, that we might wear it in peace and comfort, but alas! for our fond hopes, the Dr. having had a taste of new fabrics, will not let us even sleep in peace, and we suppose we shall be obliged to use our influence (being short of cash) to procure one for him, in order to retain our own.

P. S. We notice white plants are worn "train's days."

FREEPORT, May 28th, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—This quiet town is one of those that everybody that travels may see, and yet know but little about. Few towns in the State have improved all over it like this for the last twenty years. The land naturally rather cold, is nevertheless rendered quite productive and produces heavy crops of grass and potatoes. There are many excellent farms in this town. The village is very pretty and has several first class houses. Here on the Main street the villagers have adorned their dwellings with trees and shrubbery, while their kitchen gardens always look remarkably neat. Here I found Dr. Wm. H. True who was formerly so well known to the young people of your vicinity as a teacher of Penmanship. The Doctor is pleasantly situated as a Physician in his native town, and is rapidly acquiring an extensive practice for which he seems so well adapted. Success to him in curing his patients. As I traveled along the principal street I was struck with the beautiful appearance of a house built in imitation of a dark grey freestone and surrounded with an elegant iron fence. But the most striking feature was, it was built in the midst of an orchard. Every tree was pruned and cleaned up in the neatest manner possible. Everything around was the pattern of neatness.

Large numbers of the young men of this town have been to California. Some have returned with various success, while others are still there, and have made that State their home. Large numbers follow the sea, among whom are many captains of vessels. I saw one man who is well known as Master Soule, who has built no less than 76 vessels since 1813.

At Strout's Point there has sprung up a flourishing village where are many fine residences, a church, stores and P. office.

Altogether, Freeport is one of those quiet, pleasant towns every day desirable as a place of residence. Somehow it reminds me of a young and rather pretty looking widow, whose company is always agreeable without trying to be so. Its moral, and intelligent population in well and favorably known, and it promises to be a pleasant place of resort for those who desire to go out into Cogan Bay, among the numerous islands. T. M. L.

BEAR SHOT IN GREENWOOD.—A correspondent informs the Norway Advertiser, that, Mr. Biaboe, an old trapper, shot a bear in that town recently. Bruin had been in the vicinity for some time, committing frequent depredations upon the sheep-folds, and after several unsuccessful attempts to entrap him, he was tracked to Pine Mountain, where he was killed. This is the third bear Mr. B. has shot during his residence in the town.

See Barnham & Mead's advertisement. They have the best assortment of carriages of different kinds ever made in this town.

For the Courier.

Editor:—Below I give the amount of snow which has fallen during the past winter.

The measuring was made immediately after each storm.

1858, Nov. 4 2 inches.
" 7 6
" 13 3
" 24 12
Dec. 5 8
" 7 1
" 21 8
" 31 7

1859, Jan. 4 12
" 7 6
" 13 3
" 15 6
" 17 2
" 23 8
Feb. 3 7
" 18 2
" 24 5
" 26 6
Mar. 5 12
" 8 6
" 22 3
" 24 10
Apr. 12 5
" 15 3
" 17 3

No. of storms, 25.
Amount, 143 inches.

Yours Truly,

Letter from Andrew Scoggins's Chum.

No. 999, ORETT STREET, FORTON, June 15th 1859.

DEAR CORNIE:—A fortnight and a-half ago, while May yet smiled upon us, I entered our bachelor paradise, when I from some cause or other, Andrew Scoggins lay silent and motionless upon his bed. His link horn was by his side and an unfinished communication to the "Courier" lay before him, he was unable to go round the corner. Upon his sheet he had perpetrated a perfect fresco of fresh puns and the reaction had overpowered him—Poor fellow! His spirits that were wont to flow along unintermittently joyous and blithe as the untamed waters of the purring brook, rippling lightly over everything that came in his way, divesting old ideas and foggy thoughts of the mosses and gloomy coverings that dulness had dropped upon them, causing them to shine and gleam in the bright sunlight of his unmethodical (where's Webster and Worcester?) imagination and good humor, had ceased to flow, he was even too far gone to venture a joke. He could only falter in broken tones, "Is there no balm in Gilead, to soothe this Bethel Hill?"

I modestly offered to address the leading physician or apothecary of the former place and ascertain their edification whether the Aromatic Balsamodendron Gileadense could be obtained in those regions, and I also ventured the opinion that lemon-aid was no stranger to those highly favored individuals who inherit that lovely spot of this terrestrial footstool which Geographers designate by the somewhat euphonious title which is synonymous with a chapel where mariners in seaport and metropolitan localities are wont to worship upon the first day of the week. He seized his pencil and drawing a few signs of prohibition said felt back exhausted, his physician warns him to be careful, he says that one joke might prove fatal. Therefore have I written this to explain the cause of his long silence and hoping soon that he will soon be able to resume the even tenor of his way. I must bid you be patient, and adieu, subscribing myself

Your Most Obedient Servant, ANDREW SCOGGINS'S CURU.

SUSPENSION.—With the last issue of the Maine Spectator, the Editor announces suspension, until he can make such arrangements as may determine him to resume his publication, or to discontinue it altogether.

Chandler has just opened a box of fresh Oranges, which are too sweet to be good. Don't believe he can get rid of them.

A lady in Indiana has obtained a divorce from her husband, because he always hid with his back to her. All wrong! The woman might have got over on t'other side of him!—E.

The Bethel Courier

MAILS.

Mails close as follows: To Portland, To Island Pond.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE Morning Train leaves Bethel for Portland at 4 A. M. Retuming—arrives Bethel at 4 1-2 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES. Every Sabbath at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M. in the Bethel Church. First Cong., - - - Rev. Mr. WHELAN Second " - - - Rev. Mr. G. Universalist, - - - Rev. Mr. G.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER. Sunday evenings at 5 o'clock, at the Bible Class, Tuesday evenings. Praying Saturday evenings.

ITEMS.

A ball which was fired by a B man-of-war, commanded by Lindsay, at the "Presbyterian Church in Gloucester, in 1776, but buried in Gloucester under the bill of house of Mr. Abraham Sawyer, brought to light last week by men, who are preparing the spot for the erection of a new block.

A son of Mr. Charles Davis, Baltimore, ten years old, has troubled three years with tertian spasms and fits. On Thursday, one of the fits, he vomited a frog, about two inches in length, which he had buried under the bill of house of Mr. Abraham Sawyer, brought to light last week by men, who are preparing the spot for the erection of a new block.

The Louisville Journal says that on Monday evening a terrific descent of snow was made in that city. Place of amusement were rendered unbearable. (That were showered on a hotel tables till the lights in the chandeliers had to be extinguished. Eyes and mouths were exposed to annoyance.

The Washington Constitution reports that there is any truth in the story, circulated by a New York paper of frauds in the Post Office Department by the use of counterfeit stamps. Such a fraud, to any extent, is impossible.

The day after the whirlwind Morgan county, Ill., a half sheet of letter written by a lady, Mrs. Route to her husband, was found in Richland Precinct, thirty-five miles from the place where it started—having been blown thither by the storm, which killed Mrs. Route and demolished her house.

A descendant of General Howards an English nobleman, and his property amounting to \$60,000, said to be in the House of Refuge, Cincinnati. Measures are being taken for his release.

The proprietors of the San Francisco Bulletin were arrested on the 13th of May on a charge of violating the law against obscene publications, having ahead before their readers the reports they found in the Eastern papers of the Sickles trial.

During the week ending May 1, there was received at San Francisco from San Blas, in Mexico, the sum of \$1,129,800 in treasure.

Gen. Harney has organized an expedition composed of a corps of engineers, accompanied by a military escort, for the purpose of opening a wagon road between the Dalles, Oregon, and Salt Lake City.

The next exhibition of the United States Agricultural Society will be held in Chicago, provided the citizens of that place make the usual preparations required by the Board of Managers.

FATE OF AN ORATOR.—Thomas Martin of Amherst, who delivered the Fourth of July oration in the place last year, has left town—charged with stealing twenty-five dollars, and a suit of clothes belonging to Mr. Charles Merrill.—Lowell News.

FOREIGN NEWS



ARRIVAL OF THE NORTH BRITON

Battle Between the Austrians and Sardinians.

THE SARDINIANS VICTORIOUS.

Eastern Post, June 11. The steamship North Briton, from Liverpool, with dates to June 1—four days later than the Argos dispatch from Cape Race—arrived off here at 5 o'clock this morning, and will reach Quebec at 10 P. M.

The War.—The Emperor of Austria quit Vienna May 26, and arrived at Verona on the 31st accompanied by his brother, the Arch Duke Charles, General Klenau, and others.

The official Sardinian Bulletin says that the Sardinians paraded the Sona in the face of the Austrians, who were fortified at Palestro, after a severe conflict. The Sardinians, under the command of the King, earned Palestro and made many prisoners. Garibaldi was making bold movements in Lombardy.

On the 29th, after a furious fight of three hours, he entered Como. The Austrians retreated to Carniola where the combat was renewed, and the Austrians again retreated towards Milan.

It was reported in Paris that as soon as the French had entered Milan, England and Prussia would make most strenuous efforts to end the war.

A fight occurred at Florence between some English men-of-war sailors and some American sailors, on account of the latter wearing their color tunics. No details are given.

Great Britain.—The English Parliament met on the 31st inst.

The terms offered by the British Government to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to be considered at the approaching meeting, are eight per cent. annually on the stock for twenty-five years, provided the cable is in successful operation at the rate of one hundred words per hour, and they will pay £20,000 per annum for Government messages transmitted over the cable—the original arrangement for £14,000 per annum to stand good. The Company is to return to shareholders their exclusive privilege to land cable on the coast of Newfoundland.

The Red Sea cable is believed to be successfully laid from Suva to Pisin, 1300 miles.

It is rumored that Louis Napoleon returns to France in August after the first series of military operations.

Heavy shipments of artillery and siege material were proceeding.

Commercial.

Manchester Trade Report.—Advices from Manchester are favorable; there has been a slight advance for India goods, and there is more activity for Cottons. Yarns are dull.

Liverpool Produce Market, June 1.—Broadly, there is a decline in the market. Flour is downward, and there has been a slight decline on all qualities.

Liverpool Provision Market, June 1.—Provisions generally are steady.

Liverpool Produce Market, June 1.—Sugar steady. Coffee quiet. Rice firm.

Liverpool Money Market.—The money market is generally unchanged. American Securities are dull.

London Market.—Wheat has a declining tendency, and has fallen 2 1/4 per quarter. Sugar quiet. Coffee steady. Tea firm.

THREE DAYS LATER.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

Bloody Battles at Palestro.

THE AUSTRIANS DEFEATED.

The War.—Sanguinary encounters have taken place at Palestro.

The Sardinian Government have issued the following official bulletins:

Turin, May 31. A fresh victory was gained by our troops at 7 this morning. 25,000 Austrians endeavored to retake Palestro. The King commanding the Fourth Division in Person, and Gen. Cialdini at the head of the Third Regiment Zouaves, resisted the attack for a considerable time, and then, after having successfully assumed the offensive, pursued the enemy, taking one thousand prisoners and capturing eight guns, five of which were taken by the Zouaves. Four hundred were drowned in a canal during the combat at Palestro.

Another fight took place at Confalon, in the province of Lomellina, in which the enemy were repulsed by the division of Infantry after two hours' conflict. Additional details of the battle of Palestro state that the Sardinian right wing was at one time outflanked by the Austrians, who threatened the Bridge of Boats across the Sona, over which Canrobert was to effect a junction with the King. At this juncture the Zouaves lost one officer and twenty men killed, and the Austrians 200 killed, including ten officers.

The Sardinians are believed to have been terribly cut up, but their loss is not mentioned. An Austrian General is reported killed.

Louis Napoleon subsequently visited the battle field, and congratulated the Sardinians on the result.

A movement was made to compel the retreat of the Austrians, who had begun to evacuate Bobbio carrying with them about a thousand wounded.

On the 31 a dispatch was received from Turin, stating that the Austrians had retired to the eastern bank of the

Po, and had abandoned their boats and the neighboring country.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes dispatches from Verocelli, which the Emperor had made his headquarters, commander of the Sardinian building, and saying the Sardinians behaved most valiantly at Palestro, and stating in regard to the part taken by the Zouaves, that they performed wonders. Although unsupported, and in front of an Austrian battery of light guns, the Zouaves crossed a canal, ascended the heights which were very steep, and charged the Austrians with their bayonets. More than four hundred Austrians were thrown into the canal and six pieces of cannon were taken by the Zouaves. The loss of the French was inconsiderable.

French officers of Engineers had arrived at Palestro, and were collecting remains to cross Lago Maggiore with five hundred men.

The French squadron in the Adriatic had captured thirty-five Austrian vessels, the estimated value of which was four millions of francs.

Very Latest.

The London *News* of Saturday has a special dispatch dated Turin, Friday night, saying that the Austrians, in full retreat, were recrossing the Ticino. Garibaldi had gained a new victory. The insurrection in Lombardy is spreading.

Great Britain.—Parliament met daily to swear in members, but no business would be transacted until the delivery of the queen's speech on the 7th.

It was stated that the prospectus of a company would be issued in a few days for laying two telegraph cables from Cornwall, England, to Canada direct, and that the proposed capital would be half a million sterling.

It was vaguely rumored that the Duke of Cambridge was likely to retire from the command in chief of the army, on account of some disclosures or reflections in an investigating committee's report on the sale of army commissions.

The Princess Frederick William of Prussia had quitted England for Berlin.

A great explosion of saltpetre occurred on board the troop ship Eastern monarch, from Kurrachee, while anchored at Spithead. She had nearly 500 soldiers and their families on board, returning from India. The ship was soon enveloped in flames, but prompt action rescued all but seven persons including five children who were killed by the explosion.

France. The *Moniteur* publishes officially the notification of the blockade of Venice.

The recall of French soldiers on leave of absence had added 120,000 veterans to the French army.

Flat-bottomed gunboats were being constructed in France for the navigation of Po, Ticino and other rivers.

Extraordinary excitement had prevailed in Paris, on account of rumors that a general action was progressing all along the line—that Gen. Gyulai was killed, &c., all of which proved unfounded. Preparations were even made for a grand illumination, in honor of the expected victory.

Twenty-two additional battalions of foot chasseurs were to be organized.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

\$1,500,000, in Treasure.

BLOODY BATTLE IN CHILI.

New York, June 13. Steamer *Star of the West* arrived this morning from Aspinwall, June 3, via Key West. She brings upwards of a million and a half in treasure, and 490 passengers, also the California mails of the 20th of May.

Steamship Brothers, from Manila, arrived at San Francisco on the 19th.

The principal points of the news have been anticipated.

The case in which the San Francisco *Bulletin* is charged with uttering an obscene libel for publishing Mrs. Sickles' confession, has been decided adversely to that journal.

Gold mines in Vancouver's were yielding so largely that parties were leaving Victoria for that locality.

George D. Brush, treasurer of Calaveras county, was proved a defaulter for a large amount.

The affairs at the Isthmus were quiet.

"Ob, dear!" exclaimed Hendricks, throwing herself into the rocking chair. "I'll never go to that Post Office again, to be looked out of countenance by all those men on the corner. It's so provoking! What can I do, Sarah Jane, to stop those awful men staring me so in the face?" "Do as I do," replied Sarah Jane, with a sly look; "show your ankle!"—*Springfield Republican*.

Eggs are selling in Minnesota at five cents per dozen, and potatoes at forty cents per bushel.

The Bethel Courier

BETHEL, FRIDAY, June 17, 1859.

LOCAL SKETCHES—No. III.

One of the most delightful views may be witnessed by a ride of twenty minutes from Bethel Hill, down the river near to Mr. John Russell's. There is by his house and ascend the hill till you reach the Jordan house, and here you will have a prospect that painters love to dwell upon. In front is the valley of the Androscoggin extending back to Gorham, between the Mountains, through which is seen the Androscoggin meandering its way amid numerous and beautiful islands, till it reaches the base of the hill, on which you stand, when it takes a sudden turn to the north towards the mouth of Sunday River. The neatly painted farm houses on the intervals, the good looking farms, the beautiful groves, the lights and shadows on the mountains, and the full view of the different peaks of the White Mts., in the distance, renders this one of the most desirable plans of resort in the State of Maine. Ladies can ride to the spot in a carriage. We believe a Boston artist made a painting last year of this scene which he sold at a high price. By pursuing the route to the top of Farwell's mountain, the railroad may be seen a distance of ten miles. The tourist can amuse himself by watching for the steam whistle and count the seconds between the sight of the steam, and the sound.

THE NORWAY LIGHT INVENTRY.—This fine company, Gen. W. W. Vinton, commander, justly the pride of the beautiful village from whence they came, arrived here on Wednesday last, to celebrate the 4th Anniversary of their organization. Their martial appearance, and the manner in which they executed their difficult evolutions upon the parade ground, elicited warm commendations from our citizens.

It was none the less gratifying to witness the gentlemanly conduct of both officers and men in their intercourse with others. We wish the Bethelites had it in their power to reciprocate their most agreeable visit by visiting their beautiful village, in some official capacity, and they may one of these days, as now that we have become acquainted, we trust it will continue to the pleasure of both.

Yesterday morning, our Artist, Mr. Small, took two Photographic views of the Company upon their parade ground, which shows them off to good advantage.

They returned home by an extra train yesterday afternoon, pleased, we trust, with their two days' sojourn among us. Our good wishes attend them.

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE, MICH.—We have received a Catalogue of this institution. In the College there are 38 Students. In the Preparatory Department 135, and in the Female Department 135. Total 269. Mr. Liberty E. Holden, formerly of this County, is Professor of Rhetoric, to whom we are indebted for a Catalogue.

Prof. Talley and Grover has gone on a second European tour. He proposes to travel through Sweden, the present season, and learn its language, and literature, and the character of its institutions.

We have had very warm weather, for two days past, corn and potatoes that were not wholly killed begin to revive a little. Much of the corn in this vicinity is killed to the very kernel.

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The government is said to have in contemplation the sending of relief to the Pike's Peak sufferers.

THE VOTE ON THE ANDROSCOGGIN RAILROAD.

The vote on the Androscoggin Railroad, except in Penobscot county, was light. We give below such returns as have reached us. They indicate the defeat of the bill.

	For.	Against.
Augusta,	847	65
Bangor,	3068	9
Calais,	563	31
Oroquo,	400 maj.	
Brewster,	384	2
Portland,	386	84
Winthrop,	52	6
Wasson,	54	12
Gardiner,	33	22
Kenduskeag,	63	3
Hampden,	148	36
Carmel,	64	10
Milford,	87	1
Etta,	30	19
Newport,	56	12
Corinth,	77	13
Bucksport,	98	29
Castine,	50	17
Ellsworth,	112	117
Brunswick,	112	117
Rockland,	71	74
Pittsfield,	52	10
Richmond,	10	129
Pembroke,	17	28
Salt,	63	47
Eastport,	13	125
Hallowell,	32	49
Chelsea,	5	18
Winthrop,	5	54
Calais,	28	484
Saco,	53	51
Camden,	71	45
Belfast,	110	260
Frankfort,	156	65
Lewiston,	45	116
Auburn,	43	63
Bowdoinham,	6	131
Waterville,	123	62
Thomaston,	39	167
Waldenboro',	94	158
Kennebunk,	7	46
Newcastle,	19	158
E. Machias,	1	191
Cherryfield,	45	47
Albion,	7	50
Wasson,		

The vote in this town stood 167 against, none in favor.

COLD JUNE.

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It is said by our oldest inhabitants that there was no so severe frost at any one time during the summer months in 1816, though there was a frost during every month in that year.

On the 4th of July, of that year it snowed on the Common at Bethel Hill while the boys were engaged in playing ball to keep themselves warm. The prospect for a crop of corn is very poor indeed; many are planting their ground over with potatoes.

N. T. T.

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Eggs-Tenise.—Mr. A. S. Twitcomb, has left upon our table a hen's egg, measuring three inches in circumference, and weighing seven pennyweights. Nue stipe sticure please notice.

Sporting gentlemen are offering large bets through the New York Sun not only that Judge Douglas will be the Charleston nominee, but that he will be triumphantly elected in 1860.

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Still shivers, M. D.? Why can we not have a new coat as well as other folks? more especially when we are indebted to our friends for it. We did think when thanking Mr. Chandler for his gift, that we might wear it in peace and comfort, but alas! for our fond hopes, the Dr. having had a taste of new fabrics, will not let us even sleep in peace, and we suppose we shall be obliged to use our influence (being short of cash) to procure one for him, in order to retain our own.

P. S. We notice white plants are worn "train's" days.

FREEPORT, May 28th, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—This quiet town is one of those that everybody that travels may see, and yet know but little about. Few towns in the State have improved all over in like this for the last twenty years. The land naturally rather cold, is nevertheless rendered quite productive and produces heavy crops of grass and potatoes. There are many excellent farms in this town. The village is very pretty and has several first class houses. Here on the Main street the villagers have adorned their dwellings with trees and shrubbery, while their kitchen gardens always look remarkably neat. Here I found Dr. Wm. H. True who was formerly so well known to the young people of your vicinity as a teacher of Penmanship. The Doctor is pleasantly situated as a Physician in his native town, and is rapidly acquiring an extensive practice for which he seems so well adapted. Success to him in curing his patients. As I traveled along the principal street I was struck with the beautiful appearance of a house built in imitation of a dark grey freestone and surrounded with an elegant iron fence. But the most striking feature was, it was built in the midst of an orchard. Every tree was pruned and cleaned up in the neatest manner possible. Everything around was the pattern of neatness.

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At Strout's Point their has sprung up a flourishing village where are many fine residences, a church, stores and P. office.

Altogether, Freeport is one of those quiet, pleasant towns every man desires as a place of residence. Somehow it reminds me of a young and rather pretty looking widow, whose company is always agreeable without being too much so. Its moral, and intelligent population is well and favorably known, and it promises to be a pleasant place of resort for those who desire to go out into Cape Bay, among the numerous islands.

BEAR SHOT IN GREENWOOD.—A correspondent informs the *Norway Advertiser*, that Mr. Biabee, an old trapper, shot a bear in that town recently. Bruin had been in the vicinity for some time, committing frequent depredations upon the sheep-folds, and after several unsuccessful attempts to entrap him, he was tracked to Pine Mountain, where he was killed. This is the third bear Mr. B. has shot during his residence in the town.

See Barnham & Mow's advertisement. They have the best assortment of carriages of different kinds ever made in this town.

For the Courier.

Editor:—Below I give the amount of snow which has fallen during the past winter.

The measuring was made immediately after each storm.

1858, Nov. 4 2 inches.

" 7 6 "

" 13 3 "

" 24 12 "

Dec. 5 8 "

" 7 1 "

" 21 8 "

" 31 7 "

1859, Jan. 4 12 "

" 7 6 "

" 13 3 "

" 15 6 "

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" 23 8 "

" 28 7 "

Feb. 6 5 "

" 18 2 "

" 24 6 "

Mar. 5 12 "

" 8 5 "

" 22 3 "

Apr. 12 10 "

" 15 5 "

" 17 3 "

No. of storms, 25.

Amount, 143 inches.

Yours Truly,

Letter from Andrew Scoggins's Chum.

No. 999, ORTNEY STREET, FOSTER, June 15th, 1859.

DEAR COURIER:—A fortnight ago, a half ago, while May yet smiled upon us, I entered our bachelor paradise, when lo! from some cause or other, Andrew Scoggins lay silent and motionless upon his bed. His ink bottle was by his side and an unobscured communication to the "Courier" lay before him, he was unable to go round the horn. Upon his sheet he had perpetrated a perfect fresco of fresh puns and the reaction had overpowered him—Poor fellow! His spirits that were wont to flow along uninterruptedly joyous and blithe as the untamed waters of the paring brook, rippling lightly over everything that came in his way, divesting old ideas and foggy thoughts of the mosses and gloomy coverings that dulness had draped them with, causing them to shine and glisten in the bright sunlight of his unmethodical (where's Webster and Worcester?) imagination and good humor, had ceased to flow, he was even too far gone to venture a joke. He could only falter in broken tones, "Is there no balm in Gilead, to bind on Bethel Hill?"

I modestly offered to address the leading physician or apothecary of the former place and ascertain for his edification whether the Aromatic *Balsamodendron Gileadense* could be obtained in those regions, and I also ventured the opinion that *Lemon-aid* was no stranger to those highly favored individuals who inherit that lovely spot of this terrestrial footstool which Geographers designate by the somewhat euphonious title which is synonymous with a chapel where mariners in seaport and metropolitan localities are wont to worship upon the first day of the week. He seized his pencil and drawing a few sighs of prodigious size fell back exhausted, his physician warns him to be careful, he says that one joke might prove fatal. Therefore have I written this to explain the cause of his long silence and hoping soon that he will soon be able to resume the even tenor of his way. I must bid you be patient, and adieu, subscribing myself

Your Most Obedient Servant,

and ANDREW SCOGGINS's Chum.

SUSPENSION.—With the last issue of the *Maine Spectator*, the Editor announces suspension, until he can make such arrangements as may determine him to renew his publication, or to discontinue it altogether.

Chandler has just opened a box of fresh Oranges, which are too sweet to be good. Don't believe he can get rid of them.

A lady in Indiana has obtained a divorce from her husband, because he always held his back to her. All wrong! The woman might have got over on t'other side of him!—*Ex.*

The Bethel Courier

MAILS.

Mails close as follows: To Portland, To Island Pond.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE Morning train leaves Bethel for Portland at 4 A. M. Returning—arrives Bethel at 4 1/2 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES. Every Sabbath at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M. in the following churches: First Cong., Rev. Mr. Wenzel; Second, Rev. Mr. G. Universalist, Rev. Mr. C. Sunday evenings at 5 o'clock, at the Bible Class, Tuesday evenings, Praying Saturday evenings.

ITEMS.

A ball which was fired by a man-of-war, commanded by Lindsay at the "Presbyterian Church in Gloucester, in 1776, but buried itself under the sill of house of Mr. Abraham Sawyer brought to light last week by men, who are preparing the spot for the erection of a new block. relic of the war is to be preserved.

A son of Mr. Charles Davis, Baltimore, ten years old, has troubled three years with worms and fits. On Thursday, one of the fits, he vomited a frog, about two inches in length, which hopped about the floor until secured by the family. The lad experienced immediate relief.

Ten thousand people, whites, negroes and Indians, nearly half of which were women, assembled at Braintree, C. W., on the 7th instant, to witness the execution of the two mail robbers, Over and Moore. The two culprits confessed their guilt, but died in hopes of salvation, and on the next day sang a hymn.

The Louisville *Journal* says that on Monday evening a terrific death of guinea was made in that city. Plans of amusement were rendered unobtainable. Guineas were showered on a hotel table till the lights in the chandeliers had to be extinguished. Faces and mouths were exposed to annoyance.

[Continued from the last page.]

"An unpleasant morning, eh, to work in the open air," said I.

"He that regardeth the clouds shall not reap," replied the grave digger, still plying his spade. "Death stalks abroad fair day and foul day, and we that follow in his footsteps must prepare for the dead, rain or shine."

"A melancholy occupation."

"A fit one for a moralist." Some would find a pleasure in it. Deacon Giles, I am sure, would willingly be in my place now."

"And why so?"

"This grave is for his wife," replied the grave digger, looking up from his occupation with a dry smile that wrinkled his sallow cheeks and distorted his shrunken lips. Perceiving that his merriment was not infectious, he resumed his employment, and that so anonymously, that in a very short time he had hollowed the last resting-place of Genoa's Giles's consort. This done, he ascended from the trench with a lightness that surprised me, and walking a few paces from the new-made grave, sat down upon a tombstone, and beckoned me to approach. I did so.

"Young man," said he, "a sexton and a grave digger, if he in one who has a seal for his calling, becomes something of an historian, amassing many a curious tale and strange legend concerning the people with whom he has to do, living and dead. For a man with a taste for his own profession cannot provide for the last repose of his fellows without asking an interest in their story, the manner of their death, and the concern of the relatives who follow their remains so tearfully to the grave."

"Then," replied I, taking a seat beside the sexton, "methinks you could relate some interesting tales."

Again the withering smile that I had before observed passed over the face of the sexton, as he answered,—

"I am no story teller, sir; I deal in fact, not fiction. Yes, yes, I could chronicle some strange events. But of all things I know, there is nothing stranger than the melancholy history of the three brides."

"The three brides?"

"Ay. Do you see these hillocks yonder, side by side? There they sleep, and will till the last trumpet comes wailing and wailing through the heart of these lone hills, with a tone so strange and stirring, that the dead will start from their graves at its first awful note. Them will come the judgement and the retribution. But to my tale. Look yonder, sir; on yonder hill you may observe a little isolated house, with a straggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it. It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is all overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the wind were high now, you might hear the old crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the gray shingles off the roof. Many years ago, there lived in that house an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of arable land which belonged to it.

"The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and, as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood and grew in the garden, and used to sit up late of nights at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him, and even hated him, as the ignorant ever to shun and dread the gifted and enlightened. A few there were, and among others the minister, and lawyer, and physicians of the place, who showed some willingness to afford him countenance; but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved and morose, and, moreover, their vanity was wounded by discovering the extent of his knowledge. To the minister he would quote the Fathers and the Scriptures in the original tongues, and showed himself well

armed with the weapons of polemical controversy. He astonished the lawyer by his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence; and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So they all deserted him, and the minister, from whom the old man differed in some trifling points of doctrine, spoke very slightly of him; and, by and by, all looked upon the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion. But he little cared for that, for he derived his consolation from loftier resources, and in the untracked pathos of science found a pleasure as in the pathless woods! He instructed his son in all his lore—the languages, literature, history, philosophy, sciences were unfolded, one by one, to the enthusiasm son of the solitary. Years rolled away, and the old man died. He died when a storm convulsed the face of nature, when the wind howled around his shattered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof; and though he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the evil one had claimed his own in the thunder and commotion of the elements. I cannot point to you the grief of the son at his bereavement. He was, for a time, as one distracted. The minister came and muttered a few cold and hollow phrases in his ear, and a few neighbors, impelled by curiosity to see the interior of the old man's dwelling, came to his funeral. With a proud and lofty look the son stood beside the departed in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart, but a serenity on his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their courtesy, and then strode away from the grave to bury his grief in the privacy of his deserted dwelling.

"He found, at first, the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he paced the echoing floors from morning till night, in all the agony of woe and demolation, vainly imploring Heaven for relief. It came to him first in the guise of poetic inspiration. He wrote with a wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort; and there was a time when he dreamed (vain fool!) of immortality. Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated, and inquiries were set on foot in the hope of discovering the author. He, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion, and from this remote region, to send forth lays which astonished the world, was indeed, a triumph to the visionary bard.

"His thirst for fame was gratified, and now began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share the laurels he had won, to whisper consolation in his ear in moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of his old father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and, as he had chosen for his motto, *What has been done, may still be done*, he did not despair of success. In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and all accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide and Madeleine. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can I forget the beauty of those young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fair-haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon a green. Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark haired, and pensive; but of the three, Madeleine the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality. Their father was a man of taste and education, and, being above vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. Still he did not altogether encourage the affection which he found springing up between Mary and the poet. When, however, he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent from her marriage, and the reluctant hero to his solitary mansion the young bride of his Muse.

we seemed a new experience with in and without. Roses bloomed in the garden, jonquills peeped through its lattices, and the fields about it smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening, and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife were neglected by their neighbors, what cared they? Their endearing and mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary fell suddenly sick, and after a few hours' illness, died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeleine. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

"Days, months, rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters at the dovecot, and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide, at length, he offered his widowed heart. She came to his lone home like the dove, bearing the olive branch of peace and consolation. Their bridal was not one of revelry and mirth for a sad recollection brooded over the hour. Yet they lived happily; the husband again smiled, and, with a new spring, the roses again blossomed in their garden. But it seemed as if a fatality pursued this singular man. When the rose withered and the leaf fell, in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide, too, sickened and died, like her younger sister, in the arms of her husband and of Madeleine.

"Perhaps you will think it strange, young man, that, after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar. But he was a mysterious being, whose ways were inscrutable, who, thirsting for domestic bliss, was doomed ever to seek and never to find it. His third bride was Madeleine. I well remember her. She was a beauty, in the true sense of the word. It may seem strange to you to hear the praise of beauty from such lips as mine; but I cannot help exulting upon hers. She might have sat upon a throne, and the most loyal subject, the proudest peer, would have sworn the blood within her veins had descended from a hundred kings. She was a proud creature, with a tall, commanding form and raven tresses, that floated, dark and cloud-like, over her shoulders. She was a singularly-gifted woman, and possessed of rare inspiration. She loved the widower for his power and his fame, and she wedded him. They were married in that church. It was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony the blackest cloud I ever saw overspread the heavens like a pall, and, at the moment when the *third bride* pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to the centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response with a steady voice, and her eyes glittered with wild fire as she gazed upon her bridegroom. He remarked a kind of incoherence in her expressions as they rode homeward, which surprised him at the time. Arrived at his house, she shrunk upon the threshold: but this was the timidity of a maiden. When they were alone he clasped her hand—it was as cold as ice! He looked into her face.

"Madeleine," said he, "what means this? your cheeks are as pale as your wedding gown!" The bride uttered a frantic shriek.

"My wedding gown!" exclaimed she; "no, no—this—is my sister's shroud! The hour for confession has arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you I have lost my soul! Yes—yes—I am a murderer!" She smiled upon me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug Adelaide took her white arms about my neck, but I administered the poison. Take me to your arms: I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!"

"She spread her long, white arms, and stood like a statue before him," said the sexton, rising, in the excitement of the moment, and announcing

"And the bridegroom," asked I;
 "the husband of the destroyer and
 the victims—what became of him?"
 "He stands before you!" was the
 thrilling answer.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
 Composed of 29 letters.
 My 14 24 29 18 12 21 9 17 15 2 is a
 County in Maine.
 My 21 1 16 14 27 28 is a town in Me.
 My 14 6 21 19 14 1 25 11 22 is a
 town in N. H.
 My 15 25 24 21 9 20 is a county in
 Vermont.
 My 14 10 8 11 3 is a river in Vt.
 My 13 14 24 21 7 23 5 is a town in
 Massachusetts.
 My 14 24 25 16 4 21 is a town in R. I.
 My 26 10 24 25 1 21 is a town in Ct.
 My whole is an old saying.
 North Paris, Me. Ruthven.

ENIGMA.
 Composed of 26 letters.
 My 1 2 3 is a nickname.
 My 10 23 8 11 is a girl's name.
 My 12 5 9 15 is a point of compass.
 My 12 9 6 6 24 2 18 is a boy's name.
 My 12 17 17 15 20 is a family name.
 My 13 6 25 is a kind of tree.
 My 4 8 17 16 is a wild animal.
 My 12 21 26 25 is a bird.
 My 23 19 15 is an insect.
 My whole is the name of a young
 man, and his place of residence.
 ALPHONSO.

ANSWERS TO THE LAST.
 To ENIGMA OF NAMES.—Mary Ellen
 Houghton, Locke's Mills, Maine.
 Answered by F. O. G., Bethel.
 To ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Matrimony.
 Answered by F. O. G., Matrimony.
 T., Bethel.
 To CON.—Because she is a miss
 taken (mistaken).
 To ENIGMA No. 1, IN No. 25.—
 Long live The Bethel Courier.

THE
GREAT EASTERN
 Will come next Summer to
Portland.
 THE Subscriber Manufactures and keeps the
 Largest Assortment of
Candies, Nuts,
Cigars,
Tobacco,
CONSERVES for INVALIDS,
Native Grape Juice, Etc.
 Also—Original, Pure Refined
Spice Gum.
 All of the above Goods are of the first qual-
 ity, bought and paid the CASH, at wholesale
 retail, at the very lowest rates.
 Also—Sole Agents for the
Boston Friction Match Co's.
CARD MATCHES, the BEST MATCH in the
world. Call and see!
E. Pearson,
 105 Federal St., 5 Doors above the Elm
 House, PORTLAND, ME.
 Footland, March 11, 1859. 134

PREMIUM FIRE WORKS!
 At Wholesale and Retail. Fourth of July
 Committee, and others, supplied with large
 or small amounts. Our works are warrant-
 ed to be of the largest size, the safest to
 fire, the lowest priced, and the Best Quality.
 For distant transportation, convenience in
 packing, and saving of freight, we would
 recommend our New Portable Fire Works.
 Also, Torpedoes, and Chinese Pistol
 Crackers, in the largest quantities and at
 the lowest price, together with all the other
 varieties of large and small fireworks by the
 dozen or gross. Gold Medal awarded to this
 firm by the Massachusetts Charitable Me-
 chanics Association, "For best Fire Works"
 exhibited on Boston Common.
 The large and brilliant display of Fire-
 works at Portland, on the Fourth of July
 last, was from our Laboratory.
 Address at their old stand,
JAMES G. HONEY & CO.,
 NO. 149 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.
 May 11, 1859. 8w21
WM. ALLEN & SON,
 WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Foreign & Domestic
FRUIT,
CONFECTIONERY,
CIGARS, &C.,
 No. 25 Exchange Street,
PORTLAND, ME. 3w23

BEFORE BUYING YOUR

DRY GOODS

OR

Groceries

THE subscriber would invite the attention of all purchasers to his

SPLENDID STOCK

—OR—

New Goods!

which he has just received, and is now offering, at the Store formerly occupied by

A. P. EAMES,
consisting in part of

DRESS GOODS!

adapted to the season; such as

Black Silks, DeLaines, Challis, Gingham, French, English and American Prints, &c., &c. Also:

WHITE GOODS!

"SUCH AS

Victoria Lawns, Bishop Lawns, India Book Muslins, Checked Cambrics, Jaconet Cambrics, Linens, Linen Handkerchiefs, Brilliants, Laces, &c. Also

Bleached, Brown and Slate-colored Jeans, Blay Linens, Moreens, Patches, Colored Cambrics, Saracen Cambrics, Turkey Reds, &c.

Also—an extensive assortment of

DOMESTIC GOODS!

Consisting in part of Browns and Bleached

SHEETING!

TICKINGS, DENIMS, STRIPES,
Browns and Bleached Table Linens, &c. Also,

Live Geese, Super & extra Super

FEATHERS;

CROCKERY,
Glass Ware, &c., &c.,
Together with a complete Stock of

Choice Family Groceries,
FLOUR AND FISH,
Lamp Oil and Burning Fluid, Tubs, Pails and Brooms, Window Glass, Putty and Nails, Shovels, Hoes, &c.

☞ All of the above Goods will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

EPHRAIM DRESSER.
Bethel, Me., April 26, 1850. 20tf.

F. O. STAPLES, Agent,

DEALER IN

PERIODICALS!

NEWSPAPERS!

STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
Foreign and Domestic Fruit,
TOBACCO
CIGARS!

Also—Agent for all the Popular

PATENT MEDICINES,

Hair Restoratives, &c.,
68 Middle St., opp. Post Office,
PORTLAND, M. 3m15

INGERSOLLS'

Eating House!

77 Middle Street,
(Three doors west of Post Office.)
PORTLAND, MAINE. 7H

GOULD'S ACADEMY!

In Bethel
THE SUMMER TERM of this Institution will commence on the
Last Tuesday in May.
May 1, 1850. **H. T. FISK, A. M.,**
214 Principal.

Job Printing at this Office.

D. I. MITCHELL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
and Broker in
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
PAINTS, &c.,
162 Middle St., opposite Casco Bank,
PORTLAND, ME.
Every variety of Goods in the Market,
arrived at short notice, and at the very
lowest cash prices.
Being in constant correspondence with
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other
Markets, I am enabled to keep posted as
to the cheapest selling lowest, and can make
it for the interest of the trade to give me
a call.
3m14

ECONOMIZE
To Families in the Country.
Every Body has heard of the famous
CHINA TEA WAREHOUSE,
129 Washington St., Boston,
and there is hardly a family within twenty
miles of Boston, who are our
TEAS AND COFFEES:
are not used. We sell every description of
GREEN AND BLACK TEAS,
and our prices range from 25 cents per pound
up to one dollar. We sell good family tea
(black), for 25 cents. The above Teas are as
good as usually sold in Country Stores for 60
cents per pound.
We **buy more Teas & Coffees,** and
sell more and cheaper than any other
establishment in New England.
Our **COFFEES** are **FRESH** every day, and
for purity are unrivalled.
Teas neatly packed in 10 pound chests, for
family use.
For the convenience of those going to the
railroads, we have **BRANCH STORES** at No.
65 Union street, two doors from the corner of
Hawesworth street, (Red store).
At 110 Court street, (store painted red).
At corner of Beth and Albany streets.
At corner of Washington and Pine streets.
Call on us when you come to Boston, and give
our goods a trial. Orders solicited by express
THOMAS G. WHYTAL,
198 Washington Street, Boston.
3m17

Fairbanks'
CELEBRATED
Railroad, Hay, Coal and Stone
SCALES!
OF EVERY VARIETY,
FAIRBANKS & BROWN,
ly30 34 KIMBY Street, Boston.

CHEAP FOR
CASH!
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
GOODS!
adapted to the
COUNTRY TRADE!
Constantly on hand at
KIMBALL'S.
BETHEL, March 18, 1859. 1f-13

ISLAND POND HOTEL,
Island Pond, Vt.
Through Trains dine here.
Way Trains remain over night.
Porters in attendance to convey Baggage to
the house FREE OF CHARGE.
Stairs and Covered Passage from Depot to
Hotel. **G. G. WATERHOUSE,**
7 Proprietor.

Stage Notice.
MAIL STAGE will leave Bethel Tuesdays &
Fridays, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Newry
North Weymouth, Grafton, Leister B. and Errol, N.
H., arriving at Errol at 6 P. M.
Returning—Leave Kirogton Wednesdays and
Saturdays at 6 A. M., for Bethel, arriving in
time for up and down trains.
N. B. All express orders will receive prompt
attention. **A. M. MERRILL,** Proprietor.
Bethel, Dec. 17, 1858. 1y1

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
CORNER WILLOW AND FOLE STREETS,
Opposite the Old Custom House, 7
Portland, Me
J. N. DAVIS, Proprietor.
DAVIS & BRADLEY,
General Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
FLOUR AND CORN,
No. 39 Canal wharf St.,
(Near Portland Pier.) 7d
Portland, Me.
J. ALLEN DAVIS ROBERT BRADLEY

3 Weekly

VOL. 1.

The Bethel Cour

SMITH & PUTTING, Proprietors

Published every **FRIDAY MORNING**
in **FRANKLIN'S BLOCK, BETHEL**

TERMS.

One Copy one year, (in advance) - - -
" " six months, - - -
" " If payment is delayed after
expiration of three months \$1.25 will be
till the close of the year, \$1.50.
All communications of a business or
should be directed to the "BETHEL CO

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

1 Square of 16 lines or less, 3 insertions
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